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GULLANE

A POEM

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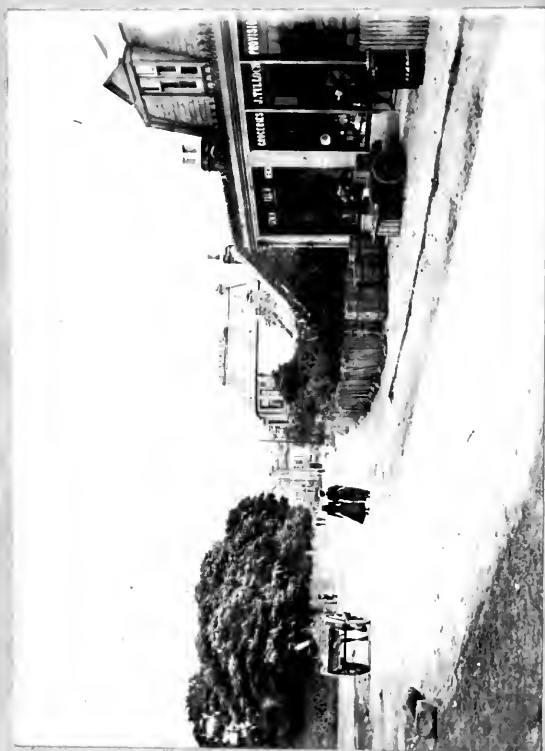
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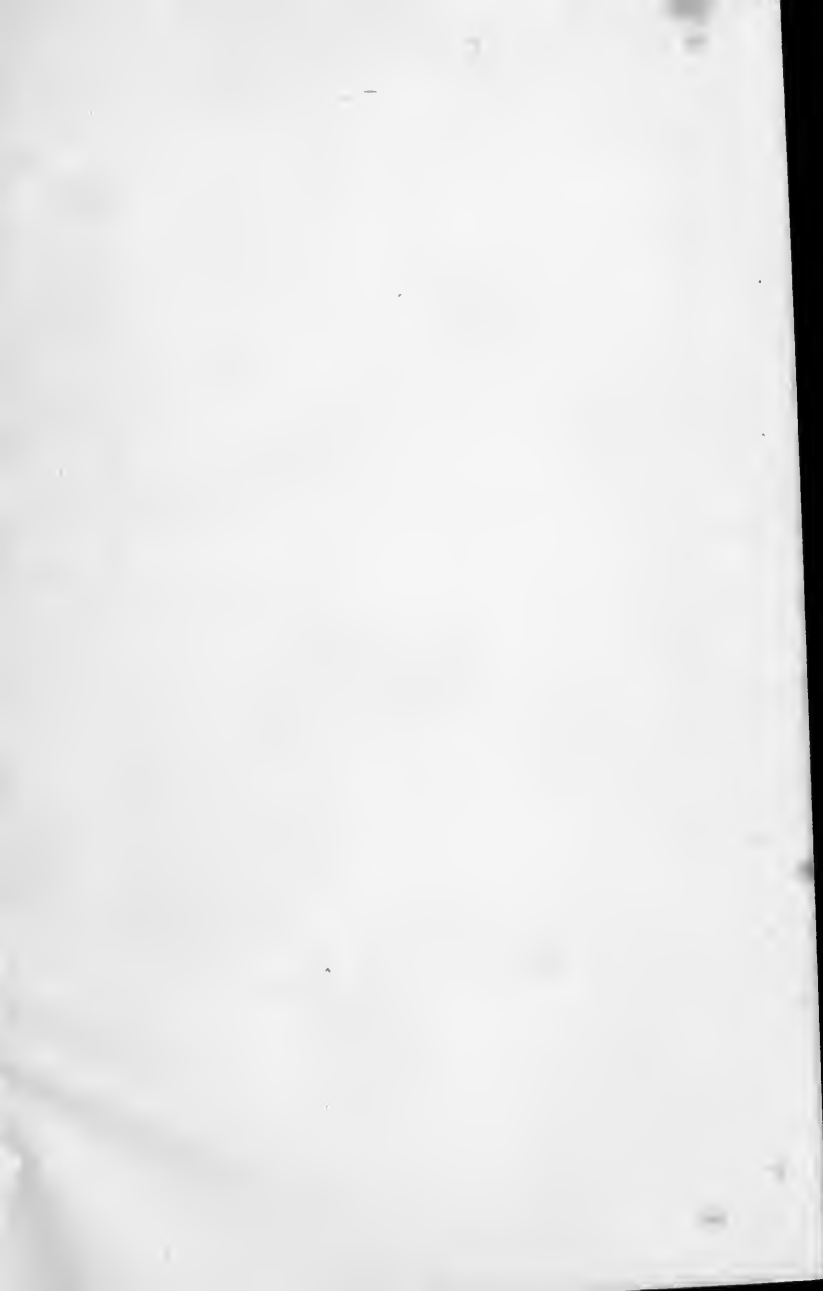


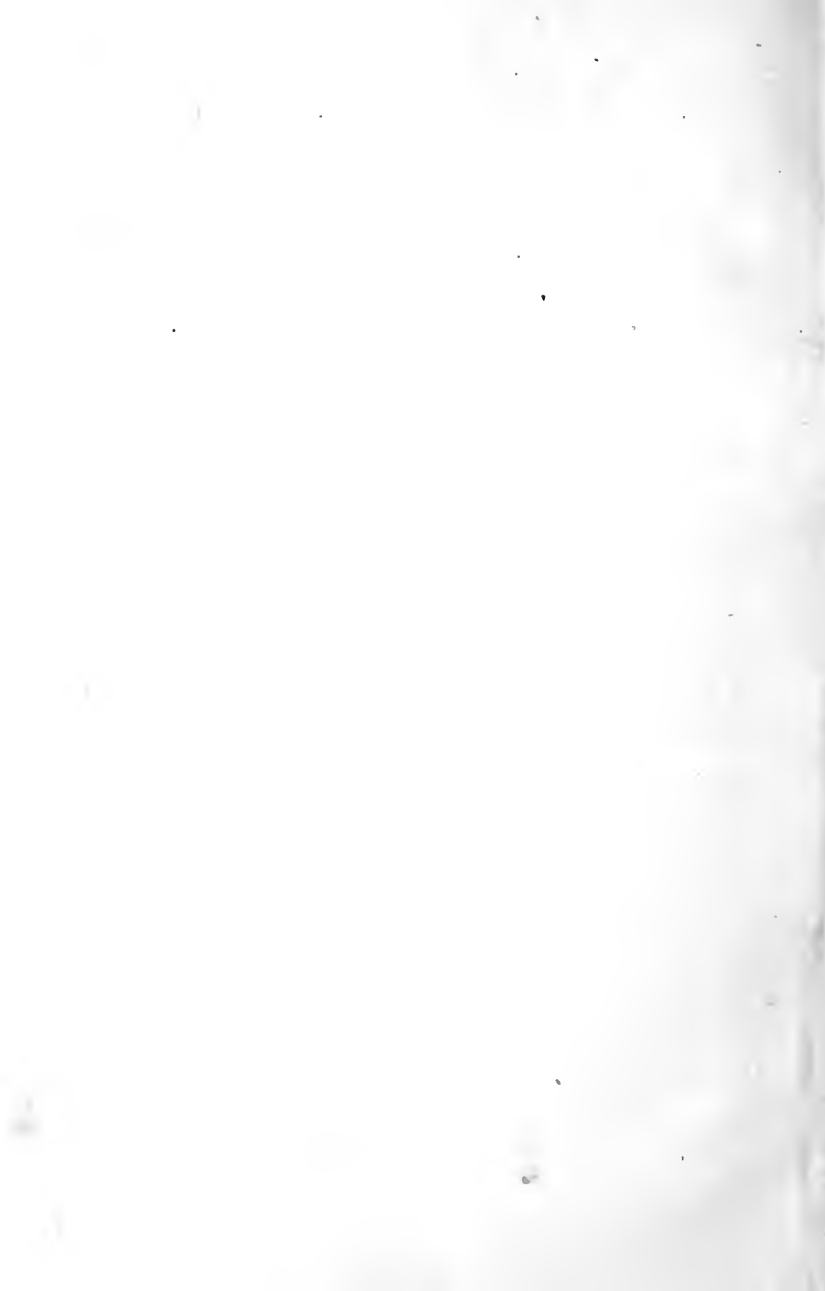
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GULLANE:

A POEM.

BY

W. T. M. HOGG,

TEACHER OF SHORTHAND, ETC.

No thought had we a Poem thus to write :
Amusement all in taking up the pen.
Two lines per day, the task before us set,
Thus plodded we 'mid some discouragement oftimes,
Till Reader, thou hast that which here you find.

FOURTH EDITION.

EDINBURGH:

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1893.



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GULLANE.*

Canto the First.

OF her† I sing, the agèd and revered,
Unto her loved ones far and nigh endeared ;
Her Christian meekness—kindly, gracious heart
Doth unto her such beauteousness impart,
As makes her loved by all ; her friendship gained,
Then wish we that it may be long retained.

Early she wed, and from her marriage sprung
A goodly numerous family, who clung
With fond affection to their mother dear,
Who well knew how to wipe away the tear,
Or use the rod, whenever 'twas required
Unto her sons with youthful vigour fired.
Prepared they were for any kind of fun,
But into mischief they would sometimes run.
The Sire saw thus the loved one of his soul
So guide her family with such wise control ;
Kindly in speech, in every action grace,
Its good results as footprints loved to trace.

The place where great part of her life was spent
'Mid much home happiness and sweet content,—
Sweet memories of various kinds arise,
When in our thoughts we seek to realise
The scenes which there we passed ; in former days
How oft we've played upon thy sandy braes,

* By Drem ; celebrated for the game of Golf.

† Mrs. Dawson, late of Gullane.

O Gullane ! and idly gathered cockles from the burn,
 And beauteous shells from off thy beach : I turn
 And weep to think those days come back no more.
 Recalling thus the happy days of yore—
 Like unwise builders, we with the sea-sand
 Did build play houses on the beauteous strand ;
 And these the wild waves dashing on the shore
 Destroyed as in a moment, and were seen no more.

How oft we chased the rabbit from its lair ;
 Anon their heads they pop up here and there,
 And when we thought, why here is one at last,
 Into its hole quite near it quickly passed.
 Then sat we waiting till it should come out,—
 The rabbit, too, could wait without a doubt ;
 Which when we knew, and had to go away,
 We look behind, and see it on the brae !

Then played we 'mongst the rocks at hide-and-seek ;
 Now, round a corner, one doth slyly keek ;
 Then follow shouts of laughter, being found,
 Which make the rocks from end to end resound.
 Then sit we on the bank, or walk, or lounge,
 Then finally undress to take a plunge
 Into the waters so favourable to health.
 Some merely touch the rim as if by stealth,
 Nor further than the ankles are constrained to go,
 Do as we will—persuade them ever so.
 Then o'er the head we go, feet in the air :
 We float and swim, beyond their depth some dare ;
 With peltering showers of water, some we tease ;
 One youngster on the brink, two big boys seize,
 Of arms and feet lay hold, they plump him in ;
 Though much against his will, he's led up to the chin.
 Vociferous he becomes, calls for his " Mother !"
 They give him first one dip, and then another ;

With saltish brine, he feels as if he'd choke
 And cries, "It is not fair to play so cruel a joke."
 They let him go, he makes out for the shore ;
 Declares himself a fool if he bathes any more.
 Then out we come, all shivering with the cold,
 But shortly are quite fresh—for duty bold ;
 The cowards meanwhile they receive a scold. }

Gaily we stroll along the the pleasant sands,
 Sometimes singly, sometimes holding hands.
 Someone proposes that we run a race :
 We start, but pop, one falls upon her face ;
 With view to lift her up, one friend goes near ;
 She, quickly rising, makes up to the rear.
 One quietly stoops, he having made a stand :
 At someone's head he throws a ball of sand ;
 The others seeing, they look somewhat curious,—
 The melée soon becomes both fast and furious.
 One lifts his hat, but all bespattered found ;
 Another his full length lies stretched upon the ground.
 A ball has hit a third upon the cheek :
 The others warn the lad to be more meek.
 They finish up the thing they first proposed,
 But who did win, you would yourself been posed.

Then up the hill we scamper with a bound,
 To see the horses as they gallop round
 The extensive heath, or take their morning walk,
 The riders on their backs enjoying friendly talk.
 Whence comes this numerous train of horses, pray ?
 Of various colours—black, brown, and bay :
 And wearing clothing too, I do declare ;
 This is a sight as funny as 'tis rare.
 These horses walking with such ease and grace
 Are being trained some day to run a race,
 And so add wealth unto their master's store.—

Let's sit awhile and view the landscape o'er,
 And feast our eyes upon the lovely scene.
 And first yon rock* in which a jail has been,
 Where pris'ners, yea, and martyrs were confined.
 Then on its top, birds of peculiar kind
 Do hatch their young, a very numerous flock,
 And, what is strange, are natives to the rock.
 Then rises up yon grand, majestic cone,†
 Where long ago they lighted beacons on,
 Informing districts round and places far,
 The letting loose the hateful hounds of war.
 Then in the west, where rises smoke and mist,
 Is Scotland's ancient capital. But list !
 Heard'st thou a sound as of a random gun ?
 That intimates that the clock has just struck one.

In yonder city, learning hath its seat ;
 If wishing to enjoy an intellectual treat,
 Yonder repair unto the halls of science,
 Philosophy and med'cine—a most meet alliance ;
 The schools of sculpture, painting, flourish there,
 With any in the world they favourably compare.
 Sir Noel's works have caught the royal eye ;
 In painting moral pictures, none can with him vie.
 From small beginnings, lo ! behold him shine,
 A spur to perseverance and to thine,
 O friend, the day of small things ne'er despise :
 Difficulties are steps by which to rise.
 The puny acorn, too, crushed with a stroke,
 By slow degrees becomes the sturdy oak.
 They in their hands now hold the valued prize—
 What so unlikely once in neighbours' eyes !
 By steady, even progress they have reached the goal,
 And gained the utmost wish of human soul.

* Bass Rock.

† North Berwick Law.

Thou plodding one, in some good, noble cause,
 When done may'st yet receive the world's applause ;
 Plod stoutly on, therefore, and ne'er faint-hearted be,
 Perhaps the world is waiting patiently for thee !

What wondrous pictures hath Sir Noel drawn !
 His works, indeed, do they not mark the dawn
 Of a new style of things in works of art ?
 His works, so wondrous real, make you start.
 His characters appear as if they'd speak.
 A flaw discover in his work, ye seek
 In vain—so perfect in detail are they :
 No point omitted, suited to convey
 Its own effect on the beholder's eyes,
 Whether the man be ignorant or wise.
 The young, the old, do stoop—proclaim him king,
 While Scotia proud doth loud his praises sing.
 And thus is ranked among earth's mighty ones
 Another of dear Scotia's worthy sons.

Two famous pictures we would fain describe,—
 Our secret joy scarcely can we hide,—
 Possessing power whereby his name may be
 Transmitted safe unto posterity :—
 “ Men of the world are in hot pursuit
 Of one called Pleasure, but she swift afoot.
 And when they cry, ‘ Her now we firmly clasp,’
 Gently from their presence, she evades the grasp ! ”

“ Two travellers hasten to a foreign strand.
 One gropes his way o'er stones with sword in hand :
 Seems much uncertain of his way to go,
 His gait uneasy, and his progress slow.
 The beating spray, the violent, angry surge,
 Beneath him roll, and threatenly do urge
 Him on his dangerous, trackless, yea mistaken path,
 Terrors like these arise to him who hath

Forsook the way by prophets, martyrs trod—
 Who sleep, some gloriously, beneath the sod.
 The other with composure wings her flight,
 Her countenance beaming with celestial light.
 Though dark the night, a glory's strewn all round—
 'Happy he who hath salvation found : ' ”

Such the enigma given us to solve ;
 Improving lessons for us to evolve.
 O purpose worthy of the finest art,
 Which, while it takes the eye, improves the heart !

Like other cities, here extremes do meet :
 The stately carriage lolling o'er the street,
 Its occupants within recline with ease,
 And seem possessed of all the eye can please ;
 But for a while let's take a wander through
 The lanes and alleys, and see what meets our view.
 In place of dwellings, behold dens instead :
 Why seek ye thus the living 'mongst the dead ?
 Can men and women live together here ?
 While thus your question, echo answers—Where ?
 In these low, mean abodes, where misery reigns,
 Holding the wretched captives as in chains.
 Chambers ! of whom thy land is justly proud,
 The first who sought to sweep away the cloud
 Of ignorance, which o'er the masses hung ;—
 For from thy hands most healthful reading sprung,
 Which swiftly o'er the land did take its flight,
 Filling both cot and palace with delight.
 Appropriate thou should'st seek to ameliorate,
 Joint author of “ Rem'niscences of Canongate.”
 Thou'rt well acquainted with the hovels there,
 And awful deeds begotten of despair.
 Thou to thyself hast reared a monument,
 By thy now famous Act of Parliament.

Thou first allowed thyself to reach the civic chair ;
 To thwart thy good design none did then dare ;
 Thy gracious work completed, thou retired,
 For doing which thou'rt even more admired.
 Thy single aim has been thy race to bless ;
 Approving conscience is thy meed for this ;
 Results of thy good labours rise to view,—
 Old houses are pulled down, replaced by new.
 In buildings new I see thy name enshrined ;
 Few like thee get the wish of heart and mind.

But time speeds on, and we must haste away,
 For in the village we awhile must stay,
 And see the various objects to be met with there.
 Unto the village school we'll first repair.
 'Tis homely built—a rough and ready place,
 And destitute of all arch'tectural grace :
 Red tiles—one storey high—the plainest door,
 No coat of paint it's had for sixty years and more.
 Let's gently lift the latch, walk quietly in—
 But hark ! did'st ever hear such noise and din ?
 Ah ! there's a boy just caughted it with the tawse
 For not repeating some of Moses' laws.
 A little urchin blurts out with a squeal,
 Some careless lad has tramped upon his heel !
 Our gentle knock upon the door is heard.
 And for a moment no one says a word ;
 Forth steps the master with the best of grace,
 And courteous smiles beam forth upon his face.
 Meanwhile I see the bench where once I sat,
 And with companions held quiet boyish chat.
 Sometimes the marbles are the anxious theme—
 Which of the boys play best, and do not seem
 To cheat, or tell a fib, to gain their end ;—
 Ah ; many a precious minute thus we spend !

The spinning top falls next to be discussed.
 We do not merely spin them, but we must
 A ring first make in which to dose them in.—
 If they roll out, we in a manner win ;
 If they do not, we must put in a top
 Out of a few—some newly from the shop.
 Perhaps some luckless wight of tops has only one ;
 If losing it, he stands, and meanwhile eats a bun,
 And eager watches while the others play,
 To get it out we do as well's we may ;
 A heap of tops is in the centre formed,
 To scatter them's the thing to be performed.
 If they beyond the ring do roll along,
 Those pick them up, to whom they may belong,
 Which gladly, aye, and heartily, some do,
 Quietly determined "to do something noo!"

With "shining morning face" we come to school,
 The morning bright, the air so fresh and cool.
 To be first at the school some make ado,
 Two hours before the time is nothing new.
 Not that for lessons any one doth care ;
 To romp and play, that is our business there.
 At "dully," or at "shinty," if you like ;
 But 'twas our pride the ball with bat to strike,
 And send it, O, e'en for miles away—
 "That's how you spoke of it, you mean to say?"
 Yes, but O I've seen us send it very far,
 So high, you'd thought it would have reached a star!
 We spoke so very big in those young days,
 Boys, you know, they love hyperbolès.

But time is up : the master opes the door,
 Our numbers are not great—about four score ;
 Some quickly, and some slowly, now drop in,
 And to our lessons we at once begin.

The lesson in which first now all engage
 Is writing : deftly we scroll along the page
 With nervous, squeaking quills ; each one hand-made,
 Not always cut with overfine a blade.
 Strokes fine and rough, and here and there a blot
 But scarce a page unblemished by a spot.
 Now our poor master a strange notion had :
 For spelling wrong he never blamed a lad,
 But forthwith said, " My man, your pen is bad !"
 Both then and since I've thought the fault was mine.
 Imagine spelling wrong the fault not thine !
 To blame a pen, itself a harmless thing—
 Powerful, if in thy mind it hath its spring !

Then round a bench we form a circle wide,
 In reading, spelling, master is our guide.
 One speaks so low, his neighbour scarce can hear ;
 One speaks so loud, 'tis deafening to the ear ;
 One speaks so fast, takes breath but only once ;
 One speaks so slow, he's straight pronounced a dunce.
 Poor booby !—with, sometimes without, good cause,
 In any case, he gets it with the tawse !
 To spell the words aright did beat us wholly,
 For why, the way we spell is monstrous folly.
 A literature as England's none possess,
 But oh ! why clothed in an unseemly dress ?
 To take one instance, see, this little word,*
 To call it *wun* is surely most absurd !
 Words should be spelt, 'tis plain, as they do sound—
 Thus much we must declare in duty bound.
 Then should our words be somewhat like the Latin,
 The language of the evensong and matin ;
 Again it would be somewhat like the Greek,
 The noblest language man's been known to speak.

* One.

In spelling words, if master found us tripping,
 From this sole cause poor lads oft got a whipping,
 And often were unreasonably blamed.
 An alphabet phonetic* hath been framed :
 Its general use we earnestly would plead,
 Its place supplying an abundant need.

This lesson o'er, each pupil takes his seat,
 In counting now to try some marv'llous feat.
 A "Gray" or "Ingram" is the book we use—
 Which some call names, and otherwise abuse ;
 Its problems, rules, we try to understand,
 When, in despair, impatient we demand
 The reason wherefore, at such mighty pains,
 Men thus write books to puzzle our poor brains ;
 For us they were much better on their shelves,
 Or if so fond, men should do sums themselves.
 This much we say at least within our heart,
 For well we know, our fingers they must smart ;
 The lash is used, aye, e'en till it bring the tear,
 And where he strikes our master hath no fear.
 Poor man, thus acting, thinks his duty done—
 To us the greatest shame beneath the sun !
 Great progress in this art was seldom gained,—
 The reason it is easily explained :
 In teaching, our good masters used no board,
 Nor chalk, which now doth ample means afford
 In teaching other things as well as sums ;
 By things made plain good understanding comes.
 Here'are no globes to show the world is round,
 Nor this great kingdom's vast extent of ground ;
 No maps are ever seen upon the wall,
 Nor diagrams of objects, great or small ;
 Birds, beasts and reptiles ; trees low or tall.—

* Pitman's Phonography.

Ye rulers* here, strike forth another plan !
 For this loved place, resolve to play the man ;
 So bless the lowly cottar of the soil—
 A due reward for his laborious toil.
 And let each boy and girl the chance obtain,
 To win the richest laurels that remain—
 Win for themselves a glorious, honoured name,
 As eager crowds shall trumpet forth their fame.
 And when 'tis asked, Where was this great one born ?
 Gullane ! you say, nor fear the word of scorn :
 Gullane nurtured him by whom yon wreath is worn !

“ From grave to gay, from lively to severe,”—
 On such a plan we'd pen our musings here.

Ere done with school, we'll try to paint a scene }
 Which seldom now perhaps is ever seen— }
 The seldomer, the better, too, I ween.

'Twas (well I mind the day !) when once I got
 The tawse, to keep in order the unruly lot
 When master went away, on business called.
 What wild confusion ! you'd have stood appalled :
 A lad here draws a dozen off their seats ;
 Some o'er a desk perform some wondrous feats ;
 Some six or seven play a game at “tig ;”
 And for a frolic some will dance a jig ;
 Some try to walk some distance on their head ;
 Just for a change, five sing a song instead.
 Quietly to behave, these boys I'd often tell,
 Which failing, what remained but just to whip them
 well ?

To me, indeed, the whole was glorious fun,
 Nor was I weary when the day was done.
 Quite suddenly the master opes the door :
 But now you'd hear a pin fall on the floor ;

* School Board.

Cowed and ashamed, each to his bench retreats,
 For all in common had been from their seats.
 The master he sits down, ne'er says a word,
 Although the noise and din he *must* have heard
 Perhaps he thinks it all in vain to speak—
 In moral suasion master's very weak ;
 Such notion held he surely in contempt,
 For never knew I him make the attempt.
 The young lad with the tawse yields up the charge,
 Of his now prime importance feeling large.

How much improved are schools,—aye, masters, too !
 How differently their work they now pursue !—
 To college first they are compelled to go,
 And *how to teach* are taught aright to know.
 The teaching here, scarce worthy of the name,
 Thrashing and teaching jointly were the same.
 No patient art or skill was ever used,
 And many noble minds were here abused.
 (The fearful whippings which poor me did get
 Are not effaced from recollection yet !)
 Yet, notwithstanding, master did his best—
 Peace to his manes ! his soul hath gone to rest.
 We blame the times,—those times some praise as good ;
 Teaching in his day was little understood.

Tread gently, slowly, there's a grave yard near ;
 Let's pause, and stay to drop a silent tear
 O'er precious dust, to her I sing, most dear :
 Her Sire, a man of patriarchal grace,
 Beloved by all who knew his genial face.
 In all his dealings kind, upright, and true,
 Among his equals there were very few ;
 When he approached unto his latter end,
 All frankly owned that they had lost a friend.

Amidst the ivy thou perceiv'st a ruin,

Long since it was the parish church of Gullane.*
 Its palmy days have long since passed away,—
 The days when arrant Popery had full sway ;
 The blessed reformation brought more light,
 God's people then assembled with delight.
 The population small, and not o'er wealthy they,
 This ruin which you see fell to decay.

Tenderly loved ones, too, lie here interred,
 With him to whom I've briefly just referred,
 By earthly care not troubled, and not pained,
 In hope that immortality they've gained,—
 To rise again on Resurrection morn,
 To meet loved ones, and be not rudely torn
 Nor sundered from affections embrace more,
 And through eternity their God adore.

Then o'er this green we golfed when boys young,
 O healthful pastime ! deserving to be sung
 In nobler strains than these poor powers command ;
 How widely popular thou art o'er the land.
 O Gullane ! for this play thou bear'st the palm,
 For first there are the hillocks, then the lawn ;
 Then o'er the hill the ball is made to fly,
 Anon the glorious view which meets the eye ;
 The bracing air so caller from the sea ;
 Far as is thy right to wander, for the ground is free !

Ye ladies fair and men of high estate
 If thus far ye have heard what I relate,
 The stories of a village loved so well,—
 Gullane ! thy name sends through my soul a spell.
 Remembering thee I feel I live again,
 Through scenes of youth—o'er hillock, brake, or fen.—
 In wandering through your own and foreign lands,
 Deign to come hither to these golden sands.

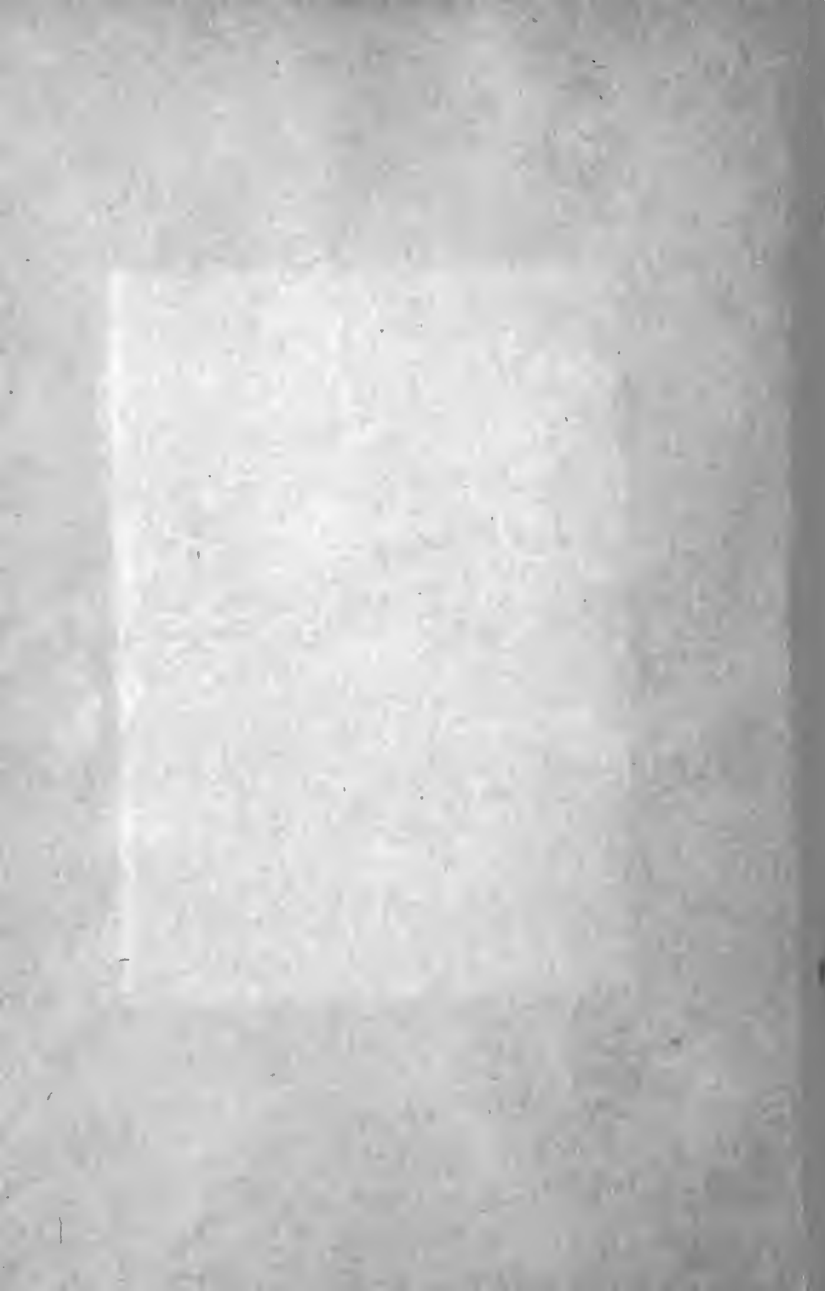
* Pronounced Goolin and Gilin.

With other places, it in time may vie,
 If ye your patronage lend while passing by.
 Judge for yourselves if what I say is true,—
 A place of fine resort and pleasure too.
 If tempests rage, to hear the breakers roar ;
 If it be calm, to sit upon the shore ;
 If warm the sun, to nestle in the sand.
 Lo ! for your use, provided on the strand,
 A stream of clear, cold water from a spring
 Beneath the sand is ever issuing.
 If it be choked, still doth it bubble ever,
 A thing oft tried in frolicsome endeavour.
 Again, we wonder when so near the sea,
 Of taste of salt it is entirely free.

Ye denizens of towns, who working late,
 And sometimes murmuring, cry—How hard's our fate !
 Reared in the smoky air, your workshops small,
 Though having windows, little light withal :
 Come hither, then, if ye'd enjoy a treat,
 By boat or rail, or, why, come on your feet,
 And bring your wives and children, one by one,
 To romp and play ; then 'neath a warm sun,
 Soon will their faces, hands, receive such tawny hue,
 As make them look "a'most as well as new !"

But we must draw these vag'ries to a close,
 Could not all this been said as well in prose ?
 Quite true : but it is thus, dear friends, to please ;
 If that be gained, then are we at our ease.
 Some other day, if fancy take afflight,
 You may hear of it with renewed delight.





Canto the Second.

"MY father dear, you promised, some fine day,
 To take us to a village where, I've heard you say,
 You spent a part of your eventful life,—
 Not far removed from this great city's strife.
 That day hath come, the sun's rays warm and bright,
 And sister Lizzie 'twill so much delight,
 Who feels, this morn, unsettled as a bird.
 Do you, dear father, only say the word!
 I'll bid the coachman yoke the chaise and pair,
 And in two hours we will be nearly there."
 "My love, that journey I much wish to take,
 Do you at once due preparation make;
 And we shall have a picnic on the hill,
 Near to what's called the "Roondel." There we will
 Behold a sight worth going far to see—
 Dear Gullane, of all places I love thee!"

Thus spoke the Sire: provision's quickly made,
 His orders with great promptitude obeyed.
 Braehouse, the place from which our company start,
 A place no more: demolished—e'en each part:
 To make a way for railway enterprise,
 To meet the increasing wants of merchandise,
 From early morn till very late at night,
 Unchecked the mail speeds on its headlong flight.
 When near, how swift it passes from your view!
 Old modes of travelling, compared to new,
 Are as the snail unto the swift race-horse,
 So rapid run they o'er their destined course.

The carriage hurries o'er the stony street,
 Conveying happy hearts bound for a treat.

Objects of varied int'rest meet their gaze :
 A statue* here to bard whose homely lays
 Poured forth in hum'rous and pathetic strains,
 Depicting well the loves of happy swains.
 Gems of good sense and wisdom, too, abound
 In's work : a spot † like unto hallowed ground
 He hath created,—there, as to a shrine,
 Hundreds yearly go to see the woodbine twine, }
 Or saunter at their leisure as they most incline. }

As we approach, see famous Wilson stand,
 With manuscript, or parchment roll, in hand.
 From's magic pen there poured a copious stream
 Of humour, wit, pronounced by some the cream.
 But while of mirth and glee his soul ran o'er,
 Yet could he force the tear where none before.
 O wondrous power ! which one time makes you weep,
 Again your sides 'tis hard for you to keep,
 With laughing at some story quaintly told,
 And touches graphic, rapturous and bold.

A structure gorgeous now appears in view,
 To Scott, our novelist and poet too,
 It hath been reared : appreciating worth,
 Scotland is proud in that she gave him birth.
 Lo, see its top, high reaching to the skies !
 It's dizzy height, whence, if you cast your eyes,
 You see around a very wide expanse,
 And for the moment feel as in a trance.
 Two strangers from the country covet to ascend
 The airy height : soon one her way doth wend.
 The lady—gushing, hearty, rather stout—
 Undaunted she assays the roundabout,
 To reach the top ; but finds it hard—in vain.
 Now doth she wish herself safe down again,

* Allan Ramsay.

† Habbies Howe.

Because the stair so narrow hath become,
 Defiance bids to persons stout who come.
 At her return the Sire is not ill pleased,
 Her wise resolve, indeed, his mind hath eased.
 He likewise corpulent and rather stout,
 The notion quite discarded of the roundabout.

Yon castle, which for centuries hath stood
 And weathered storms—tempestuous and rude,
 Still watches o'er the old revered town :
 The eye of Scotland. Here the Scottish crown
 On royal heads of'times uneasy lay.
 Here troublous barons oft at war did play :
 Here skirmishes of various kinds took place :
 The victor jubilant—the vanquished in disgrace.
 The stronger o'er the weaker tyrannized,
 In “might was right” their law was summarized.

A structure* see, with harps engraved all round,
 Enclosed within a narrow patch of ground ;
 Corinthian pillars the vestibule support,
 Reared to the muse at once its whole import.
 To him within whose soul there burned a fire
 'Gainst feudal wrongs, who tuned the Scottish lyre
 To rouse from lethargy the sons of toil,
 And from their bondage bade them to recoil ;
 Quickened their sense of innate moral worth,
 Taught them to think more highly of their birth—
 Not think themselves the menials of earth. }

Thus far we sing the famous poet's praise.
 A gloomy cloud hung o'er his latter days.
 Fell he a victim to our country's curse ?
 Nor drank he only : it was surely worse
 To sing in praise of the deceptive bowl,
 Which, while it cheers the heart, destroys the soul.—

* Burns' Monument.

This theme awakes within me feelings dire—
 Nor blame me, man, nor think of me in ire.
 Suffer a word : I say to thee—Abstain ;
 So may'st thou save thyself e'en worlds of pain
 In store for many ere they've run their course
 Of anguish, sorrow, loathing and remorse.
 Eschew beginnings in a downward path.
 The net becomes aye stronger till it hath
 Entwined itself so close around thy heart,
 And then, O then, how difficult to part,
 And render asunder the destructive coils !
 May'st thou, O man, ne'er know those direful toils !—
 My humble genius, patient wait the muse,
 Nor murmur if she tarry : she yet may use
 Thee well, and honour bring to thee.
 But take no means unlawful for the simple sake
 Of waking up thy sleeping, slumbering song.
 The snare avoid : in principle be strong.

Now we approach fair Portobello's sands,
 Where's to be seen in little knots and bands
 From morn till noon, from noon till summer's eve,
 Children at play, yet ever loath to leave.
 Provided with a barrow and a spade,
 They need scant watching from a nurs'ry maid.
 Endless amusement this appears to give ;
 Now watch again how happily they live.
 To quarrel seems a thing quite out of place,
 Each to the other acts with best of grace.
 See, yonder one hath lain him meekly down,
 He's covered o'er with sand, all save his crown.
 This torture self-imposed endures a while,
 Now riseth up : then casts around a smile,
 As if to say—"How clever I have been ;
 The like of that, think you, was't ever seen ?"

A castle's built against the advancing tide,
 The walls rise high—the enclosure somewhat wide :
 They eager watch the slow advancing wave,
 But know their efforts vain, and will not save
 The brittle fabric 'gainst the fatal shock
 Of waves on waves, as would the solid rock.
 See two boys run, their fond mama, who tease,
 (The father grave, meanwhile, walks at his ease,)
 If on a donkey they a while may ride,
 And lest they fall, if she'll walk by their side.
 And "See," say they, "they don't go very fast,
 As judge from that one now just going past,
 It seems as if it would not kick or fling"—
 "Or if it should, I to its mane would cling,"
 Cries little Harry, with a merry laugh,
 Who in his brother's and his own behalf
 Thus fervent pleads. A donkey's straight procured.
 They sit as if they had been long immured
 To such a ride : sit, aye, like very kings—
 So say their parents. Harry leaps and springs,
 With joy exulting cries out loud—"Hooray,
 Such sport as this I've not had till to-day!"

This burgh would not willing lag behind
 This stirring age. Because of this we find
 A handsome pier,—the work of choice skill,
 Powerful resolution and determined will.
 Spacious in breadth and of a goodly length,
 Yet undiminished is of aught its strength.
 Brought, as you see, to a desired end,
 And filled with crowds who've come the day to spend.
 Nature long while proved adverse to the scheme.
 To carry out the enterprise did seem
 Impossible to all but engineering skill,
 Which came and saw, began with right good will.—

This mighty agent of our modern days,
 Laughing at impossibilities, it says :
 " Paths rough and rugged need not so remain,
 Ye mountains high be level with the plain,
 Ye barren wilds in green be clothed again !
 Ye plains where vegetation is unknown,
 Where only lie the boulder, common stone,
 Give place to fertile fields and dewy meads,
 And scattered be wide o'er all precious seeds,—
 Till plenty hold a universal reign,
 Nor weep again o'er those by famine slain !"

}

But who hath taught a brighter day may come ?
 The idea broached, of how immense the sum
 Of grand improvements for the world's in store.
 (Name dear to science, revered evermore !)
 If method, art, imbue our labours all,
 The mountains high, low at our feet shall fall.
 Bacon ! O glorious light, dark though thine age,
 Thou thought'st thy works would perish, darling sage.
 The reason thou thy works in Latin wrote—
 Men of thy time them thought not worth a groat !
 Now more reflected on, the more admired
 By those meanwhile in our own time inspired
 With love of those things science is prepared
 To open to our vision. Who had dared
 Suppose such progress should have hence ensued ?
 Discarding systems old, thou straight pursued
 A course entirely new. Revolving in thy mind :
 " By chance—without premeditation—blind,
 We seemed as not to know what can be done
 By cutting out in wood or stone (Why none,
 O Greece, among thy sons profoundly wise ?)
 Letters representing vocal sounds : our eyes,
 Where were they, not seeing this before ?

Left to a simple man with little lore,
 It may be little skill, perchance one day—
 To him amusement, simple pastime, play—
 To carve his name in summer on a tree,
 Luxuriating there, as the case might be,
 In leafy grove—deep silence reigning round :
 Spread o'er with ink, parchment applied, he found,
 Rudely no doubt, but still his name engraved :
 Improved the grand conception : thereby saved
 'Thousands of pains and toils scarce well conceived.'"
 Our progress since, who would it have believed ?
 And it gave work to millions who before,
 Some useful thing to do oft needed sore :
 And mightily increased the nation's wealth,
 Thus adding to their comfort and their health.—
 Another tale to show thee how achieved
 Discovery grand : important ? scarce conceived,
 Some merchants round a fire, from goods received
 In different marts, one day casually were bold
 From motives unexplained ; nor are we told
 The experiment precise they wished to try
 Mixed spices they threw in, when they did spy
 'Mongst dying embers, lo ! transparent globes—
 A brittle substance, by which the abodes
 Of men now 'lumined are, and doth admit
 Most welcome light, to a degree quite fit—
 Commensurate withal to utmost need.
 To acts fortuitous like these indeed,
 Blessings have come, countless as the sand,
 And still far more may be at our command,
 As hath been witnessed in a thousand forms,
 Issuing at length in truly grand reforms,—
 If by Induction men arrange and plan,
 Observe, experiment, in good to man,

"Twill surely end and large advantage yield :
 Encouraged be ye wise—unvanquished quit the field.

* * * * * *

The vehicle draws up to Stamford Hall,
 Each horse is placed within a goodly stall.
 The carriage emptied of its contents soon,
 Some appetites declare how great's the boon.
 The bracing air them grievously has whet—
 They care not now if food's before them set.
 The Sire leads off, for well he knows the way,
 And, as he goes, remembers well the day
 When in these precincts weary once he wrought,
 And, meanwhile, he a little money sought
 Wisely to lay by : its bulk still larger grew,
 Himself surprised—of pounds once he'd but few.
 But it is known the virtue of such store,
 If laid in bank, grows of itself the more.
 Such was his case : his energy intense,
 A prosperous man was he in every sense.

Within the garden gate they enter all,
 Soon are they welcomed within Stamford Hall,
 The Lady meanwhile busy they have found,
 Not 'tall expecting them, although the sound
 Of carriage wheels and tramp of horses' feet
 Did make her start a little in her seat.
 The servant meanwhile, waits upon the door,
 In dining rooms they're put in upper floor,
 And asked to wait some minutes, three or four.
 The room commands a very lovely view
 Of vessels sailing to their ports where due.
 The Firth presents a very wide expanse.
 The hills of Fife are seen at single glance,
 The Lady well-known in the village is,

}

'Tis also known her many charities.
 How much she labours for the general good,
 Supplying the necessitous with food,
 As well as temporal, of a spiritual kind.
 The young and old of an enquiring mind
 Resort to her,—in her a counsellor find ;
 To her instructions pay a high regard
 Resolving doubts, she puts them on their guard
 'Gainst finding fault, 'gainst cavilling at truth,
 And tries to soften, sweeten the uncouth.

Now are they made to feel as if at home.
 The while one saith—How nice it is to roam,
 Wander at large, the weather when its fine,
 Mid autumn fruits, the season at its prime.

The Lady enters, welcomes to her home
 The strangers who have shown a love to roam
 In search of 'ventures like Quixote of old—
 Though hardly quite so venturous and bold :
 Enquires of friends whom they have left behind,
 And hither come—When they made up their mind ?
 For them well pleased the Sire doth answer make :
 "These ladies now before you, for their sake
 Chiefly I've come. A promise I once made,
 If, peradventure, they their scheme so laid
 As made it meet, and other things, did suit,
 I'd bring them hither—self and all to boot !"
 At this a merry laugh is raised all round.
 One notes the landscape seen in the foreground,
 Machines behold, which cut the corn so soon,
 By thousands welcomed as a mighty boon.
 Romance from harvest field is ta'en away,
 No longer young folks boast, though hot the day,
 How many rigs 'fore others they'll o'ertake,
 While others lag behind for simple sake

Of keeping close, in arduous task to cheer
 Each other on their way,—gay their career.
 Some boast of wealth ; but give me this to find ;
 Two honest hearts whom love's chords really bind—
 Grant them discretion to discern between
 The right and wrong, unknowing when they've been
 Each in the fault, the difference though small,
 'Twill all the difference make, friend, that is all.
 Let each on some punctilio insist,
 After entreaty still will not desist ;
 Such conduct they are likely soon to rue—
 One spark, alas ! creates oft great ado.—
 A mother see, with infant at her breast,
 Her garments clean, and withal neatly dressed.
 Baby asleep is laid 'neath tall trees' shade,
 The faithful dog obedient, he is bade
 To keep a watch : receiving such a charge,
 He settles down his big eyes rolling large.

The guests arise—they feel they now must go ;
 Ascend the hill—the top is reached, when lo !
 Before them lie the Lothians. The soil,
 Result of hard and unremitting toil,
 For richness of fertility is famed.
 'Tis said one Hope of Fenton, unashamed,
 His vote recorded at election time
 In opposition to his landlord's wish—a crime
 Not to be pardoned in this good landlord's eyes,
 Who, in order him to punish, did'st devise
 To oust him from his farm when his lease expired,
 And own he was of his acquaintance tired.
 A ponderous stroke to a successful man !
 In way most humble he his life began,
 By dauntless energy he his lot improved,
 Into importance gradually moved.

Became a model farmer 'mongst his peers,
 The same enjoyed through a long course of years.
 In honour held by every one around,
 The indignation great, the cause when found
 Why he who'd done much farming to improve
 Now from his farm ignobly forced to move ;
 And for improvements in time's course achieved—
 He compensation none at all received !
 The dire results of an obnoxious law,
 In Britain's Constitution once a serious flaw.

A cloth of spotless white's before them spread—
 The Sire his train, with no small pride, has led
 Up to a mount, the most convenient found—
 Soon taken up's each piece of vantage ground.
 In order neat is dinner service laid,
 And in a style most choice the whole's arrayed.
 A blessing asked upon the sumptuous feast,
 Soon all partake and feel their strength increased,—
 Really refreshed : have they not travelled miles ?
 Fair faces beam with radiant graceful smiles.
 Sol in his zenith, too, so warm and bright,
 Doth o'er the scene throw ever fresh delight.
 The gentle zephyrs with fair curls play,
 And dry the brows where perspiration lay.
 The hill's ascent, to some an arduous task,
 To make amends, they in Sol's radiance bask.
 Roast cut in slices thin forms the first round—
 Allied with bread, prime eating it is found.

Then is poured forth—no, not the ruby wine—
 O give a word correctly to define
 That which is cold, transparent, tasteless, clear,
 Man's thirst to quench—the thirsty soul to cheer !
 Water, life-giving and abundant too,
 Scarcity unknown in these loved islands through.

A royal dish is now before them placed,
 As luscious fruit as e'er a table graced,—
 Strawberries, pluck'd but recent from their bed,
 One look of which sufficient is to shed
 An air of pleasantry and jocund smiles,
 Grown in a garden* famous several miles.
 On them is poured the dairy's rich produce,
 Prime product of the cow, whose frequent use,
 Fattens the country, rosy cheek'd boy ;
 Him lusty makes, and dextrous with his toy.
 More stout, less active, than those reared in towns,
 For this regarded oft as very clowns ;
 More awkward in their gait, less sharp, refined—
 Rich meanwhile in simplicity of mind—
 Children of nature, ignorant of wiles,
 Untrained to practice cunning looks and smiles.

More delicacies still ! See dates and figs
 And juicy grapes : of last some with the twigs
 In sportive jest each at the other fling.
 Now, to crown all, proposed 'tis some should sing,
 Singly, in concert, or, if convenient found,
 Alternate speech and song from each all round !

Soon Philomelia's voice is sweetly heard
 Telling the story how a simple herd
 Sang of his love : enamoured he became,
 When love he met at e'en "when kye cam hame."
 This ended, next is heard "Auld Robin Gray"—
 A melody most sweet and plaintive in its way ;
 So artless and affecting in its woe,
 How one beloved resigned was to the blow
 Received at Jamie's presence at the door—
 A face she ne'er expected to see more !
 How an old man won her dear regard,

* Archerfield.

Gainst whose appeals in vain she struggled hard,
 At last consented—as the story's told.
 The song a touching story doth unfold :
 Entranced her hearers doth fair Lydia hold.

One other song, this time in praise of home,
 Composed by one who loved afar to roam
 On distant prairie, in the new found world.
 Whether o'er land or sea he had been hurled,
 He casts some loving recollections back
 To his old home, where once he loved to track
 The bee and butterfly with golden wing.
 While so engaged, the lark would sudden spring
 To sing his carol in the azure sky,
 Far, far beyond the reach of human eye.
 His own bird came, obedient to his call,
 It gaily sang, or hopped upon the wall,—
 Such the refrain, in tones loud, clear, and strong.
 Cheers, clapping of the hands, greet fair Amelia's song.

Now all arise, betake them to the shore
 To gather shells, or talk of days of yore.

Of these, dear friends, we will not speak again,
 Though very pleasant with them to remain.
 We bid them now a loving kind farewell,
 And, if at Gullane, 'tis their lot to dwell,
 We'll visit them, and talk this journey o'er—
 Not once or twice, but fifty times and more !

Canto the Third.

BEFORE us lies a line of spacious rocks,*
Which jut out to the sea. What ample docks,
Methinks, could here be built ; and Oh ! 'tis clear
Nature intended men should build a pier,
Passengers to land,—some for sake of health,
It may be lost in the pursuit of wealth.

Now, for the time, we will suppose the case,
A pier to be erected at this place.

Persons describe to come upon the scene
Enjoyment to find, hitherto who've been
Shut up in towns, or in large office pent—
Withdrawn from their seclusion, now intent
To spend a holiday by the loved sea-side,
And view the rippling waves of swelling tide, }
Bathe, fish, and swim from morn till eventide. }

A young man see—too studious he hath been,
Physicians recommend a change of scene ;
His wasted form—his haggard looks—they tell,
Though vigorous once, now he is far from well.
How strange that those expected to be wise
Should foolish prove ! Nor can we sympathise
With those, their brains not large, nor understandings
clear,

Hoping to become great scholars in a year.—
Take eight hours' sleep, young man, work well
throughout the day ;

Professors heed not—walk in wisdom's way.
More than one day it took to build old Rome,—
A precious lesson here : take thou it home

* The Hummel Rocks.

Into thine heart—it ponder frequent o'er,
 And be not thou discouraged any more ;
 Nor thought of yielding in thy bosom lurk,
 In thee let patience have her perfect work.

But here are two upon an errand grand ;
 They seem to have heard about “ the beauteous strand ! ”
 They purpose to enjoy some gracious talk ;
 To friends they've gone—oh, simply for a walk !
 This morn high Heaven their mutual vows heard—
 How much depended on a single word !
 The old, old story is rehearsed once more,
 How much they love—each other, how adore !
 Now first along the beach, then up the hill,
 Adown and 'long the village—wandering still.
 They chide swift time so soon he hastes away
 And wish the happy hours might last for aye !

But here are two, a slightly different kind.
 They've left a home with merry friends behind :
 The knot's been tied, and they've made up their mind }
 To love and cherish and aye faithful prove—
 From this their purpose, naught will ever move.
 If trials for them be in plenty sown,
 Acknowledged still the fault as all their own.
 If they're not happy, them 'twill but firmer knit
 In holy bonds—if given them to sit
 'Neath their own vine ; like as the oak by storms
 Firmer becomes and stronger till it forms
 A lodgment meet, appropriate for birds
 On which to light, build nests ; again for herds
 Of cattle, panting 'neath the fierce sun's stroke,
 Which welcome shelter take 'neath the umbrageous oak.
 Thus for themselves, for others too they'd live,
 And of their store a share ungrudging give
 To cheer and help the desolate who mourn,

Or heal up wounds by sore affliction torn ;
 And if to them a progeny be given,
 To train them up, meet both for earth and Heaven !

What's this I see ? A ship approaching land ?
 See banners fly,—within a noble band,
 Who've pledged themselves from liquors to abstain,
 Because too oft to life these prove a bane.
 Hence wisdom supreme to keep entire aloof
 From what is hurtful—whoso demandeth proof
 Go to the home where formerly 'twas well.
 Behold it now turned into very hell !
 A prosperous family once—to ruin brought,
 Indulgence and excess, the sad change hath wrought.—
 Out of our land so fair, O hateful thing !
 Or daggers sharp, forthwith, I'll at thee fling,
 Nor hurt, nor injure more, with thy envenomed sting ! }

See now the chiefs in their regalia dressed,
 With sense of duty, strong each one's impressed.
 Glad, glad indeed to find their brethren here
 For day's enjoyment,—out of their usual sphere
 Of daily toil ; resolved are they to spend
 A social intercourse e'en to life's end.
 Particularly now, 'mid genial weather,
 Mean they to spend a happy time together.
 Each meantime judge how time will best be spent,
 All free to follow their peculiar bent.
 Excess of freedom is the rule known here,
 Whate'er one's choice, no one may interfere.
 In groups, or solitude, or boisterous play.
 Remarks now follow on the lovely day.
 In groups to saunter is the favourite plan,
 All places thought of interest to scan—
 Places of endearing int'rest, they've been told,
 These places they would with their eyes behold.

First they survey the gently sloping hill.
 Near them's a rock, where's a tradition still
 Of an old dame, who, going near the brink,
 Did tumble o'er e'er she had time to think ;—
 A warning here to those who, near a crag,
 Go rather near, and at it sometimes brag.—
 Friend, here to thee I'd fain a story tell,
 If it thou'st heard before, then it is well.
 A story good will stand a telling twice,—
 No harm done if it be told e'en thrice.

A lady old, a coachman once did want.
 About her coachman, she was fain to vaunt
 And boast, because she hit upon a plan
 Whereby she aye obtained a most trustworthy man.
 A coachman wanted, then she advertised,—
 A curious plan it was which she devised.
 The man appeared—then she a question put,
 'Twas not how near a cliff he'd plant his foot
 Without his tumbling headlong, but how near
 Her carriage he could drive without all fear
 Of falling headlong o'er the dizzy cliff?—
 The man he'd pause : the question he'd think stiff
 And rather hard,—for he had never tried
 The dangerous experiment. Denied
 The opportunity, then he made a guess—
 "Some twenty yards or so, or even less,"
 Replied he hesitatingly, not sure
 His answer how received. The lady looked demure,
 And told him she might see him soon again. }
 He made his bow, wondering if he'd obtain }
 The place which him in comfort would maintain.

Another man is called into her room—
 A man commended highly as a groom
 And coachman by a neighbouring friend of hers :

Her curiosity at once he stirs.

She then the curious question puts to him.

An active man he looks, though somewhat slim

In form and shape, yet healthy, strong withal,—

Quite smart he seems in coat and overall.

The question put, he scarce knows what to say—

Feels not so ta'en aback for many a day.

He ventures then to say—"A dozen yards ;

For that I might be of the Queen's Life Guards,

For of my horses always I've had proper charge—

Of restive ones, have had experience large."

The lady bows, says him she'll see again :

With his appearance she is somewhat ta'en.

Once more there enters now another man.

From top to toe she keenly him doth scan :

His open countenance her impresses much,

And thinks within herself : 'Tis such

A man as this I'd like, if other things do suit.

Forthwith to him she then the question put,

"Lady," quoth he, "a question strange you ask :

Aright to answer 'tis no easy task ;

But it appears to me, when near a cliff

In carriage fine, and horses somewhat stiff

And hard to manage ; then my wisdom prime,

If peradventure I've been warned in time,

From off that cliff to keep as far's I can—

To me this would appear my wisest plan."

He said no more, but on the carpet gazed.

She silence kept, at which he felt amazed.

The answer this for which she meant to wait.

She from the mantel-piece takes down a slate,

Enquires his name, address, and puts them down,

And says—"My friend, to-day thou'lt driveme into town."

He, bowing his acknowledgments, took then





His homeward way, most pleased in telling them
 At home how far he had successful been—
 Speaks of the competition as most keen !—
 From this beware of danger, say of—Drink : }
 Take heed how ye approach the dizzy brink, }
 And tumble over quite before ye think ! }

The Bleaching Rocks you see not far away,
 Nigh covered o'er with sand : woe worth the day !*
 In them's a tub, as if hewn out the rock,
 For plumping babies in,—the sudden shock
 Gave often rise to loud, yea deafening, squalls ;
 Dried were they soon—wrapped up in cosy shawls.
 Again, not far, a quarry deep you'll see,
 Work of an old man and 's son, 'tis said to be.†
 Yes, there they wrought, aye, oft a hard day's toil ;
 Right honestly won they their weekly moil.
 The sluggard's ways by them were deep abhorred,
 For which their table them aye plenty did afford.

For bathing, golf, is dear old Gullane famed.
 For these, indeed, she may be justly named
 “Pride of the Firth.” With her, her sister vies,
 North Berwick in the east on coast that lies.
 Though with this hill she nothing can compare,
 Still doth her Law stand nobly 'side her there.
 Of her doth Berwick an advantage gain,
 'Cause of the Iron Way ; unhappily in vain
 Wemyss was implored to grant the right of way
 Through Gosford's grounds,—yea sternly said he nay.
 For this 'tis hoped he may repent him yet,
 And grant the boon,—'twould him much honour get ;

* Sorrow is expressed at the idea of these rocks being now gradually covered with sand, as many a happy day was spent upon them.

† Messrs. Samuel and George Heriot.

To his advantage prove in different ways—
Who doth not know how well a railway pays ?

The lengthening shades reveal approaching night.
Gay sports, long walks, affording dear delight,
Must shortly close. The vessel's at the pier :
All ready waits : its whistle loud and clear
Doth call the stragglers in from heath or hill,
By shady brook, or headlong gushing rill.
Cool mossy bank, or sandy vale. With shells
Are little baskets full ; envied he who dwells
Here all year round—whene'er he wills to roam.
And find these lovely gems so near his home.

Singly, in pairs, in groups, all onward move,—
Too late some lazy saunterers nearly prove.
Musicians play a well-known favourite air,
Gaily they leave as gaily they came there.
The sky's serene : the sea a dead-like calm,
On minds uneasy acts as healing balm—
If such there be, as likely, too, there is,
'Tis not all sunshine where men think it is.
Regret, misgivings, in a life misspent
Oft cloud the brow, though men be penitent.
Sympathy is sought in nature's beauty round—
Ourselves imperfect—these perfect beauty found.

The hill, the shore, these slowly glide from view,
In silence all now breathe a soft adieu !
At some not distant date to come again,
Bathe in the waters of the azure main ;
And from your pledge reap meanwhile glorious gain. }
Ye sons of toil and blooming maidens fair : }
Till earth again with Eden will compare,
Your principles uphold and ever them declare ! }

Friend, heard'st thou ever beloved Guthrie's* name ?

* Dr. Guthrie, founder of Ramsay Lane Ragged School
Edinburgh.

Round which hath circled an undying fame.
 Of's Master's poor he had a special care :
 Neglected, homeless children, ah ! these were
 His great concern,—his soul was all aglow
 When wrongs exposing and relieving woe.
 Distress most dire, how frequently one finds
 In visiting the dark and dismal wynds
 Of Edinburgh : labours pursued are here
 Whose fruit eternal in another sphere
 Shall by and by be reaped in varied store.
 To an extent scarce ever known before
 Did Guthrie labour—his success immense.
 Tales told he in's unrivalled eloquence
 As hearts and purses moved, much as the wind
 Leaves of the forest. Eyes was he to the blind,
 Feet to the lame, the poor street arab's friend—
 Right feelingly could he their cause defend.
 In's arms he took them, e'en like Christ of old,
 Them fed and clothed and sheltered from the cold :
 And thus escaped they lives of awful woe,
 Their feet led he in paths the righteous go.
 By brethren dear supported on his way,
 His path became effulgent as the day.
 Great the reward he had in doing good—
 Who found him else than in a joyful mood ?

Behold his boys in ship at Gullane pier !
 Surprised, we ask—Whatever brought them here ?
 For day's enjoyment, doubtless, they have come,
 To pluck the flowers, or hear the wild bees hum :
 Or chase the butterfly, and him captive make
 With napkin, or with bonnet, for the sake
 Of peering closely at his golden wing.
 For they've been told a very wond'rous thing—
 Upon its wings are feathers very small,

A microscope it needs to be discerned at all—
 (Which happily on one of them is found)—
 The wings are looked at keenly by all round.

What most delight them are the rabbits here.
 At goodly distance, without any fear,
 They sit on mound or bank ; would they might stay !
 Allow themselves be caught—not run away.
 Impregnable your holes, ye little beasts,
 Why on our tables then appear at feasts ?
 Through craft alone doth man on ye lay hold—
 His difficulty else could scarce be told—
 Through cunning on you lays his naughty hands
 To satisfy his ravenous demands.

But now for shinty—noble Scottish game !
 How is it that I love thy very name ?
 Because to me it brings back memories dear.
 In days of yore, when never knowing fear,
 Anxiety or care the livelong day,
 O happy were we in our boyish play !
 Each holds a cudgel, and the ball is set,
 On back of hill the youthful company's met.
 The ball is struck : now rush they forward all,
 Already some you see receive a fall.
 The ball is struck again : another rush :
 Alas, poor ball, thou'lt perish in the crush
 That's now created, thee only to obtain !
 When found, alas, thou'lt pelted be again,
 Till safely sent to either of the goals !
 A youngster, meanwhile, loud the game extols,
 And claps his hands, and much excited feels
 When the whole company betake them to their heels
 To assist the ball, or maybe it defend—
 The golden hours thus pleasantly they spend.

Once more draw we these vag'ries to a close,

The circumstance how slight whence all arose !
 Wish some the light these lines had never seen,
 And say of them—" Well, if they'd never been ?"
 Behold the product of an easy brain,
 And all for love. We never dreamt to gain
 The world's ear by virtue of a song,
 Nor thought we could have borne this strain so long.
 An exit now must of peforce be made.
 Farewell, ye beauteous shores ! where oft we've wade
 To gather cockles when from school released.
 The big pot boiled, our noisy play soon ceased :
 Some lift the lid,—they see mouths open wide :
 Soon down our throats the cockles smoothly glide

Farewell thou Hill ! where frequent we have strolled,
 Sported and played with spirits uncontrolled.
 In morning grey, fresh mushrooms from thy top
 (Of which thou yielded'st an abundant crop),
 Oft gathered we, whereby the cottar gained
 Pittance enough as him a while maintained.
 To pluck those bad, some were in constant dread ;
 Those good with joy took from their cosy bed.

Farewell Old School—scene of my earliest days,
 'Thou never thought'st to be theme of my lays !
 Meet of thy children one should sing of thee,
 In thine old age some consolation be ;
 To show these years thou hast not lived in vain—
 To none a loss, to all some little gain.
 From out thy midst may youths and maidens rise,
 Point to the place where learning they grew wise !
 In thee thy children evermore increase :
 Thy reputation high, may't never know decrease !
 Sincere these wishes entertained for you :
 Gullane, of thee have I not spoken true ?
 Accept from him who's sung thy praise MOST LOVING,
 KIND ADIEU !





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